they don't say. Lovely. For that
But don't say anything about Stuff:
he'd the heart of the head
I'd been declaiming. NYPL (It's all
Hugh Walpole & Compy)
imagine: he disliked the article so much.
Are you coming to Nina's
tea party tomorrow?
I'm going: I'm much better.
haven't been out for 14 nights.
But this tea party will be
the Dearest thing imaginable—
Margot is: coming to
buy: & they want buy: &
they'll drink: no doubt
that. No more. I'm
Ever so much better

Rita 2-4-13

Sunday 11th Dec 1932

Here are the cuttings back - very impressive. I hope
operative. I'll send the Book as soon as I can.
I laughed aloud over Yon: unalloyed: at the
other I laughed, but with a private comment
that the author would not have enjoyed Vita
as some is always such fold, pure, to the
heart, that I love her at her most innocent.
And I've not read them all: but it seems to be
a field for posturing - this as infantile
anecdotage: very illuminating. Just

Sunday 11th Dec 1932

Here are the cuttings back – very impressive, – I hope operative. I'll send the Book as soon as I can. I laughed aloud over Gon: unalloyed: at the other I laughed, but with a private comment that the author would not have enjoyed. Vita as some is always such gold, pure, to the heart. that I love her at her most innocent. And I've not read them all: but it seems to be a field for posturing – this of infantile anecdotage: very illuminating. Just

back from Rodmell — why we went, God knows. It was merely exposing oneself to a thousand steel knives, such a roaring in the trees by night that I thought my God & Ethel.

Nessa says she is sending me a bill as yours, so that's all right — I went to Dido & Aeneas at the Wells & thought it absolutely [illegible] & entirely anticipatory: so came away before the English opera. My taste is very limited. I can't judge music anymore than some one else can judge articles in the

T. L. S.

NYPL

Berg 2.4.53

Sunday. 32 TS. Dec 18. 1932

This is the usual scrawl, intending time to write out
length (thank God – all to Rodwell on Tuesday)
And only to say. Dont ~~buy~~ take any steps
whatever. Even imaginary, as yet about the MS of
Room – I'm dealing cautiously with it &
want to consult Robbie Trevelyan privately
first. By a miracle, I've found all the pages.
Also, dont take my word about the women
unless ~~but~~ locally. I'm so inaccurate. They
wrote to the Times though about a month ago; –

If you want any information, the address is
Miss P. Strachey Women's Service House
29 Marsham Street Westminster. NYPL Would be
enchanted naturally to hear from you: but
all that plans are rubbish, secret: talk of
diplomatic spies, [redacted].

We've been seeing a flamingo in Richmond
Park. Has much prefer seeing flamingoes to
seeing Mr. Beardsall Smith! Shall
your name is Violet write as
if. I want to Monks House

Rota 2.4.43

Monks House,

22nd Dec. 1932

(when it gets near the end of the year, I always remember, & write the date in full)

As I wrote 20, no more envelopes, letters two days ago. You can't complain that I didn't write to you. My hand staggered like a tipsy crow. The waits have just done singing: I've given them 2/6— but I can't say I caught the music of old England, tonight I listened— which reminds me, is Vernon Lee's book a music book? (Right) to order it? I like her trailing clouds of nebulous ink— why can't she write tighter than? — That's what trips me up — like falling over one's train, coming upstairs, on to dinner. No, I didn't read Eddy. Yes. I did read the article in TLS (not by me, for a wonder) on L.S. Quite good I thought, in its curious way. But then they'd no space. It's ironical that my father thought nothing of his criticism, & secretly believed himself a great philosopher. None mentions the philosophy, all the criticism.

Have I answered all your questions? I'm

reading Jane Austen in this heavenly weather over the
log fire: & whether it's my hyperaesthetic state anyhow I
find her steadily improve. I think her little fame at the
end blighted her up - good Lord, she died at 42: the best
to come. Have you read them? No. L. has turned "nypic" in the
bowels, & Jent. is talking about Intermediate measures
- cease him.

I am taking a few days holiday: I have cut off the
book which goes with unreserved hate. And it's
very dark - taking a holiday. very bountiful: I look at the
Cows & watch one lick its ear - & they've not done
(watch a cow lick its ear) since I started the book for it
half. But it's a good thing to turn off the lights & look
at the world now & then. How odd that the world
goes on just the same whether I look at it or not!
Do you find that when you're writing - the world
goes out, & left the precise particular it you want for your
writing, which becomes intensified indescribably clear. I'm
reading 20 books at once - pages & books - & feel
like a walrus taking to the sea - so vast, so calm, so
indifferent, with the whole Atlantic to wallow in -
but that's an illusion, because the Heights' will
be over: then the Gages: then the Bells: & the poor
walrus will climb on to its rock & bask. How is
your cold? What are you working at? Oh do
tell me all about your Walthage life one of these
days. V.

Rota 2.vi.03

Dec 28 1932

Monks Horne,
Dec 28th or thereabouts. 1932

All right Ethel Smyth; I'll answer your questions if you'll send me them a Eddy story. But first, answer me these: 1. Why are you so insistent about Eddy's story? Did he ask you to show it me? (2) If I tell you what I think of it, are you going to repeat my words to him?

Now there are two questions that you must answer with that rough Ruthless honesty that befits a General's daughter.

I am actually writing the very day I get your letter — a proof of the divine grace of Monks Horne. Nobody but the postman can possibly interrupt me between today & to-morrow. Therefore I am sunk deep in books. Oh yes, I write in the morning — yesterday I broke the back of my year's job: but from 4.30 to 11.30 I read, Ethel. Isn't that gorgeous? And not only those damned Henry MSS: no: books: printed,

Rec'd 2.4.19

Lord, sisters! D'you know I get such a passion for reading sometimes it's like the other passion – writing – only the wrong side of the carpet. Heaven knows what either amounts to. My own brain seems to me the most inaccountable of machinery – always buzzing, humming, roaring, rushing, driving, & then buried in mud. And why? what's this passion for? Yes, who love questions, answer me that. No – nobody can. And then this passion, which has been so well advised, lands me to negotiate a book like the neck of a stale cabbage, cheap face powder – a book called the Story of Dan Michele by Munthe. Now don't buy it your favourite work. A book more porous with humbug, reeking more suddenly with intensity. I've never read – I'm at page 50! I rather resent you knowing him. My mother-in-law loves him – his d-d sentimental book, the story of a mother of 9 children, & she & Dan Mitchell rocks in working in the time of her Calamity. And I'm reading Hilda Benson: with pleasure: & – oh so many books – I omit it from your heart almost to think of me with this passion, always consumed with desire to read, chopped, chafed, buzzed, battered by the vain the hard, the false, the worldly persons of those who are pleased to call themselves my friends? It's like knocking a blue bottle off its lump of sugar perpetually. I am in an exasperative mood. I shouted

Dec 28 · 1932

Shabby all this with a thin red line negligently
'Egasserations' – but just know of what I might
– I think of calling you so in future – can't read
Virginia's last time, let her eyes fall into a
well & there drown.

Yes round a letter Raucous – you cold
I suppose: & I hope it's fine: & I hope you're
working mucc: & I hope you're thinking of
me; & thinking how you will tell me all
about Mrs Pankhurst & the suffrage – why
did you militate? I am turning over that
other letter in my mind: & want to know a few
facts.
And tomorrow my dear Rita sails, –
I shant see her till April.

Yes. that saddens me: it takes
away a lamp & a flow, & a
shady leaf & an illuminated hall
from my existence.

But enough, as old Lady
Pavonby used to say when she
knew the wrong fork at Queen
Victoria. And do you remember

L

Lady Radnor, a vast stout woman, who had you to
lunch in Persia, to the life; & did the thing
well; & what was the truth of her memoirs
can mostly lie, but only became a fact is
to her what a camel is to a blind Arabian
mare on Tuesday morning in the desert.
Guess what I mean — surely I must mean
something?

Oh it is so lonely on the downs now — a
dewpond like a silver plate in the hollow;
& all the hills, not distinct as in summer,
but vast, smooth, heaven-serene; & I lie
on the ground & look: & then the bells tinkle, &
then the horses plough: & then, forgetting all
the day to come & days past & this day &
to-morrow, — well, you know the mood: only I
incorporate better with earth than you do,
because I'm — well I'm not nearly as
fine a figure as you are. You resent: you
rebut: you assert — I lie back on the wind &
lend myself — I was going to say to the
waves: but you never could abear that
word — do you say 'abear.' So goodnight
book —

V.

Rotn 2.4.63

Monkton Wyme. 1st Jan. 1933

Here is Vibert's address – Norwich, the rays, always find her.

C/o W. COLSTON LEIGH.
521 Fifth Avenue New York

Have enclosed, in the paper of questions. But the fact that I myself would not have said this or that, only means that ~~not~~ what right in one sentence is wrong in another. I dislike the expression – separately – in this context, talked in Morgan very peculiar sensibility they may be all right. I'm not Morgan. That one gets people as tablets – how an atmosphere – person – fantasy – can transform the good into the bad.

I have also read Eddy's story. It seems to me

#111

1933

Monkey Home. 1st Jan. 1933

Here is Vivie's address - Mrs. Warren, you always find her.

C/o W. COLSTON LEIGH.
521 Fifth Avenue New York

Have Have enclosed, in the paper of questions. But the fact that I myself would not have said this or that, only means that ~~not~~ what right in one sentence is wrong in another. I dislike the expressions separately - in their context, backed in Morgan very peculiar sensibility they may be all right - I'm not Morgan. That one gets people of letters - how an atmosphere - person - fantasy - can transform the good into the bad.

I have also read Eddy's story. It seems to me

#11
1933

confidant, charming, effective, well bred — & a good
raconteur too — but I could not by any possibility bring
myself to call it a 'little masterpiece'. The effect, on me,
is far too slight, fugitive. I shall have forgotten it
tomorrow. A masterpiece is I think something said
once & for all, stated, finished, so that it's there complete
in the mind, it only at the back. This remains, for me, on
the surface.

But as you see, I emphasize the 'for me'.
It's quite true. I've said it before — I cannot feel
any certainty in my own judgment of living writers.
I'm too frightened & distracted by my own preoccupations.
I mean, I know this is, for me. Good or bad: but
of the dead I know (heaven forgive me!) this is good or
bad.

NYPL

Probably you're much closer the mark than I am with living
writers. I daresay both Eddy & Maurice are far better
than I think. Its M's superficiality that distresses me —
compare him with Turgenev: now that's a master piece
maker, now & then, in Mrs Sim line too: but E & M. B
seem to me to go out like candlesticks before it. Never
mind — I daresay you see more of the whole than I do.
I rather jib at giving authors up as the living for the reason.
And I'm not (I think that is true) almost indifferent
to criticism as myself. — Since we're all two living. I don't
think you're either right or wrong about the Waves: no two
people could think alike about it. And, for anything
I know, you may be better as a critic as you say